Ferns as Preservatives.

THE leaves of the common fern plant form an excellent preservative for packing food, fruit, and even meat. On the Isle of Man fresh herrings are packed in ferns. Potatoes packed in fern leaves are as fresh in the Springtime as when they were dug.

A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of small minds, adored by little men





they are

stripping

the bark

from trees

destined

to be used as

telegraph

poles

the western

front.

This Day in History.

THIS is the anniversary ow the battle of Alma, in the Crimea, in 1854, when the British and French defeated the Russian forces under Prince Metchnikoff, driving them back upon Sebastopol with a loss of 17 per cent of their forces. The British waded across the River Alma in the face of a storm of bullets.

The Wolves of New York

A STORY OF LOVE AND MYSTERY Zorska-the Minister-the Horror of Adderley, Escapes and Runs Amuck Roaring Like a Beast.

call him when he had finished his work. I waited patiently for nearly half an hour, while he replated the beavy stones and restored the floor to its original appearance.

"Then-just as I was about to epeak-there came a strange sound from the passage, a kind of angry roar, like that of some animal with a yapping bark at the end of it. Dietz dropped his spade and sprang

erect in obvious terror. "Gott in himmpel!" he cried aloud. Zorska.

"Zorska-the Minster-the Horfor of Adderley! It was the sound of his voice which re-echoed from the depths of the passage, the sound of his heavy footstep which eaused Friedrich Dietz to start up

with a cry of the mid terror.

"By seem that the wretched center had escaped—I never knew her. Probably on their arrival the Grange Valenski and Grimstead called to Tweedledum and Zorska had been left without guard. Perhaps he was rawing under the suspicion that his raging under the suspicion that his beloved treasure had been tamper-ed with, and as soon as he obtained his liberty he hurried off to assure himself of its safety. Coming down the passage he caught sight of Dietr's lamp; hence the sudden angry rear which terrified the

Typey.

"Diets seized his spade as the enly weapon of defense within his reach. He glanced helplessly about him, but the door of the vault was closely shut, and there was no other apparent means of escape. From the way by which he had come the borror was approaching. and Dietz seemed very well aware of the abnormal strength and fe-

rocity of the monster.
-"Thunk God, I was there to give assistance! Had it not been for that fortuitous circumstance no power on earth could have saved the gypsy from destruction.

did not hesitate every mo ment was precious. I stretched out my hands and cried, 'Dietz, Dietz, take my hand and scramble up

"He seemed almost as terrified at the sound of my soice as he was at that of the approaching monster.

that of the approaching monster.

"'Quick,' I repeated, 'there is not a moment to be lost. I am a friend.'

There was, indeed, no time to be lost. Another roar resounded through the cellar. In a few seconds Zorska would be upon him.

"Dietz hesitated no longer. He reached up and gripped the hand I extended to him. Luckily the brick work of the cellar was broken and work of the cellar was broken and afforded # footbold;luckily,too,he was a strong and agile man. I drew back into the recess as he got his

knees upon firm support, thus mak-ing room for him, and a moment later he was in safety.

"'Mein Gott! Mein Gott!' he kept repeating over and over again.
"It was but just in time. From
the far end of the cellar a great, gaunt shape appeared, arms swing body swaving, head throws back as those horrible roars, half human and half bestial, burst in quick succession from his lips.

"This was the first time that I had actually seen Zorska, and I can fully understand the terror that Miss Vassell must have undergone when she was pursued by him.
"The lamp stood on the floor
where Dietz had left it. By its side were his hat and coat. There were signs that some one had been at the treasure, but otherwise the cellar appeared empty. Dietz and I shrank back into the narrow tunnel

by which I had come; we were wedged closely together, but there was just room for the pair of us. I could feel that he was shaking

with Jear.

"'Mein Gott!" he kept muttering.

The devil has been loosened upon
us. The devil—and the son of a

"I hardly noticed his words at the time, but I recalled them afterward. "The sight was, indeed, enough to fill the stoutest of hearts with fear Zoraka raved furiously around the cellar, leaping from side to side, hurling himself against the door of the vault, striking the walls with his fists in blind, impotent rage. So an infuriated tiger might have thrown himself against the bars of his cage, howling frantically the The creature seemed to me n the dim light to be of huge pro-"Don't," interrupted Lilian, "you

need not describe him. I know him too well." She was listening now with intense interest, her own trouble momentarily forgotten the excitement of the detective's

"After a while." continued Swan
"Zorska seized the coat that lay
upon the floor and tore it into shreds. Then he sank on his knees beside the coffers that contained the treasure, muttering growling and yapping to binnelf. He buried those talons of his in the gold, and I could hear the click of the coins as he lifted them to his lips, and then allowed them to fall back again. He dragged himself from one chest to another, crying out gleefully—and his voice now sounded human—as he found each one secure. In one of these hasty movements he kicked over the lamp, and the cellar was immedi-ately plunged in darkness. "Dietz and I had not been able

to speak during this scene, and he had not yet recognized me: nor did be know that there was a means of egress from the spot-where we were huddled together. He kept muttering to himself, now invoking the Diety, now cursing the folly of those who had let the devil loose upon him. "Oh, for a pirtol. I heard him mutter. I would shoot whatever the consequence, and there would

the consequences and there would "I took his hand and down to

"I made up my mind that I would | further up the tunnel. The curse was now so occupied with his gold that he was not likely to hear any sound we might make.

"The man still seemed timid of me. 'Who are you?' he whist 'and how came you here? 'Who are you?' he whispered, have saved my life from that mon-

ster.' "You saved my life once," I whispered back. 'Do you not know me, Friedrich Dietz? Remember the castle of the, Valensks, your fall over the cliff, the waterfall—" "He knew me then. The polse-man! he muttered. The spy! And to think that we should meet like

"Hush!" I returned 'Don't let us speak now. There is a way out of this hole-back into the house. We must crawl out one by one. I will show a light when we have got a little further.'
"I was about to put this plan

"I was about to put this plan into execution, when a sudden light flashed into the cellar below us, and I heard the cries of men. A moment Valenski and Grimstead rushed in, followed by two men armed with long whips. One of these I recognized as the fellow who has been nicknamed Tweedledum. I put my hand over Dietr's worth. my hand over Dietz's mouth.

"'Keep silent,' I whispered, 'Not a word for your life.' He nodded, and I knew he would obey me. "The men had evidently come to Dietz's assistance, though it is prob-able that they expected to find a Zorska was still grovelling on the ground over his treas-ure, but he started to his feet as the light Sashed upon him. He shrank down again when he recog-nized Valenski, and set up melan-

choly-how!

"The next moment the whips were being plied, and the wretched creature leaped and writhed in agony, but, attempted no resist-ance. Valenski was foaming with

rage.
"Til teach you—I'll teach you,"
he cried. 'You brute, whom I'd
have killed long ago if I had my
own way. Don't spare him, men—

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ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX. Again the False Friend.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX I am twenty-five, quiet, and dress plainly, but as I make all my own clothes, I am considered well dressed. When I was seven-teen, I met a young man, and we were much in love and became engaged, but a jealous friend broke it up. It nearly drove me uot of my mind, as there has been no one else I cared for all these years. He never has given up the frieffdship, and does not seem to want to give it up. I have been out with him severa times, but we have never become engaged again. Now he is in the service and writes to me, not love letters but friendly ones, and I send him boxes of good things as though I were his mother. What do you think he intends to do? Does he care, or does he just want the friendship? I cannot love anyone else.

GRACE H.

Under the circumstances, would it not be all right for you to show him pretty plainly that you still care deeply? He may be going to France at any time, and I should make an effort to have the situation cleared up before he sailed.

Too Much for Granted.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: A few months ago I met a young lady between whose pa-rents and mine there exists a close rents and mine there exists a close friendship. After two or three meetings she wrote me she had fallen in love with me. In a rash ragoment I answered her letter in the same vein. We have met sevtake us for lovers. But I find I do not love her. She has only Just passed her sixteenth birth day, and I am only eighteen. I told her a breach of friendship between our parents might seem our parents might seem. between our parents might necur. I do not know how to pr

I believe the best thing you can under the circumstances, is to take your mother or father, whichever is more sympathetic, into your confidence. I agree with you that sixteen and eighteen is entirely too young to have an understanding of the kind you mention. In the meantime, as tactfully as possible, I should intimate to the young lady that you are hardly in a position to maintain a wife. But I cannot believe that your parents

are taking this matter seriously. Don't Be Too Anxious.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am eighteen and living with by enother. I know a young mun divorced from his wife, and a good deal of the time he is out of the city, but on his return he calls to see me. He has never told me that he cares for me, but asks me not to go out with any young man. Is it proper for me to phone him, as I have no phone and have to go out to call him up? I seen i look as if I am running after him? My sister in law says it does, for he wished he could come send me a telegram. H. M. S. I agree with your sister-in-law that you seem a triffe anxious in re-gard to the attentions of the di-It would be better

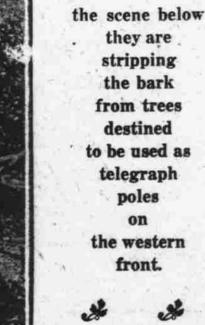
bet him take the initiative in the



Cutting down is not an easy task, even with a saw, yet these young women seem to be tacking the job in energetic style. And in

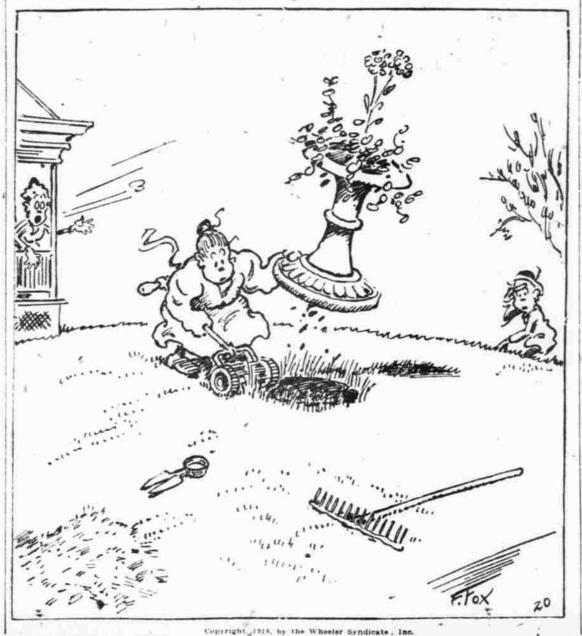








The Powerful Katrinka Decided She Wouldn't Worry With the Clippers To Cut the Grass Around the Edge of the Iron Flower Stand.



INTERESTING **STORIES**

The Beaver.

The beaver will grind up almos any kind of wood that comes his way. A white birch tree twenty-two inches through has been cut down by a beaver. A single beaver generally, if not always, amputates the tree, and when it comes down the whole family fall to and have a frolic with the bark and branches. A big beaver will bring down a fair-sized sapling-say three inches through-in about two minutes, and a large tree in about an hour.

As compared with the otter or mink, the beaver is a very slow swimmer. His front legs hang by his sides, and he uses only his webbed hind feet for the purposes of swimming. It is easy to cap-ture one in a cance if you can find him in shallow-water. He is a most determined fighter, but clumsy and easy to handle. If he could get hold of you with his teeth he would almost take a leg off, so you need to watch him sharply. The way to seize him is by the tail. The ability of a beaver to remain

under water for a long time is really not so strange a problem as it looks. When a lake or pond is frozen over a beaver will come to the under surface of the ice and expel his breath, so that it will expel his breath, so that it will form a wide, flat bubble. The air, coming in contact with the ice and water, is purified, and the beaver breathes it again. This operation he can repeat reveral times. The ot-ter and musicut do the same thing.

Science Useless

As a means of recreation and exercise during winter months, a gymnasium was started in connertion with a local cricket club, an instructor in ju-jirsu being engaged. One evening a member turned up with a bandaged head, and, in answer to inquiries, stated that he had been injured by a youth in his teens. The leader of jlu-jitsu expressed surprise. "Do you mean to say that you allowed a mere boy to treat you like that." he asked. "Well. I couldn't help myself," said the injured one. "Couldn't help yourself," the instructor echoed. "All in my eye. Why, you know enough of the tree. Why, you know enough of jiu-jitsu to tackle any ordinary man!" "But," explained the man. "the boy was in a third-floor window, and he a third-floor window, and dropped a bottle on my head!"

RS. CHAPIN was moving

"I declare," she complained, "it's too bad the way Pa gets upset about things! I heard him just now out by the weedshed giving that Pole a great talking to. I don't know what the matter was, but Talak does seem to cross him dreadfully."

"Your husband is going to discharge him soon, I think," Butler remarked.

"Well, I hope he is!" Mrs. Chapin said. "I never did like that poor crazy thing anyway—although I must say I'm kinder sorry for him. He's not responsible."

Elizabeth spoke soothingly. "Well, never mind, dear Mrs. Chapin' Come and sit down at the table and begin your supper."

begin your supper."

"Yes," the matron agreed, "there's no use waiting for Pa. He'll come when he's ready, and not till then. Oh," with a sigh, as the trio took their seats, "I get sort of tired of this kind of life. There's work and fuss all summer, and then quiet and nothing to see all winter."

within earshot.

"I wouldn't want Pa to hear me say it, dearie, but I really would like to live in the city, near Clifford. I miss him more and more all the time."

"Of course, you, do." Elizabeth

"Of course you do," Elizabeth sympathized. "Well, perhaps some time you will go out to Chicago to keep house for him."

The mother shook her head, "No The mother shook her head. "No, Pa won't hear of it. I didn't used to mind so much, when Pa was younger and liked to go about more. But he's changed very much in the last year—this summer in particular. I'm sure he's not well, for he never used to be so testy as he is now."

A step on the porch silenced her, moment later Amos entered. His

By David Cory.

away. He was in the Fairy Queen's Palace and she had just said to him that if he would taste her Magic Checkerberry Wine, he would be-

come as small as a fairy. "And then you can enjoy yourself in Fairy Land," she added, "for now you are so large and clumsy that we are afraid of you." Then she handed him a tiny goblet of wine and as soon as he tasted it, he grew smaller and smaller until, finally, he was the tiniest cat in the world, I imagine. Why, I verily believe he was no larger than a beetle. But he still had on his red top boots. And just then, the sweet, low

glade where the fairles dance at night. By the light of the slowly rising moon Puss saw the fairies collecting from all quarters, and joining them. From the low, damp meadow lands a troop of slendar, blue-eyed fairies started up, and by the time Puss and the Queen reached the glade all her little subjects were there. And then, all of a sud-den, the Man in the Moon leaned out of his great silver circle and said:

"Listen, you fairies, one and all, Listen and keep very still. A pretty new baby has just been

And then all the tiny stars tinkled like silver bells, and the soft-night winds rustled the leaves of

And the next minute the Fairy Queen and her fairies flew away to the little white house on the hill, taking Puss with them, for he had now a pair of wings just like a butterfly. And as soon as they reached the little white house they few in through a window and sat down on the edge of the crib where the little baby lay sound asleep. For the fairles, you know, always do something for a new baby. "I will give him blue eyes," said the Bluebell Fairv. "I will give him yellow hair,"

said the Buttercup Fairy.
"I will give him thrift and prudence," said Old Mother Fairy Fern. "We Ferns have no blossoms to speak of, but we are a well-to-do family, and can get our living on any soil where it pleases heaven to put us; and so thrift shall be my gift for this little man. Thrift will surely lead to riches and honor." "And I will give him the spirit of truth." said the Fairy Queen, and she bent over the crib and kissed the sleeping baby so softly on the lips that he never stirred, only smiled in his dreams. And then all the fairies flew away, and so did little l'uss Junior. And in the next story you shall hear what Puss did

after that.

To Be Continued.

David

The Plotters

A SERIAL OF EAST AND WEST

Talak, Discharged by His Employer, Threatens Revenge if Not Paid in Full.

By Virginia Terhune Van | de Water.

CHAPTER XLVI. (Copyright, 1918, Star Company.)

nervously about the dining room when Butler and Elizabeth entered. "I declare," she complained, "it's

and nothing to see all winter."
"You would like the city better?"
Elizabeth questioned.
Mrs. Chapin glanced at the door

Puss in Boots

U remember where our little Puss Junior was in the last story, I hope. But if you don't I will tell you right

chime of bells, and a delicious per-

chime of bells, and a delicious per-fume were brought to them by a breath of wind.

"The Lily Fairy is ringing the bells," said the Queen. "She rings them every evening." And then she told Puss to follow her to the

In the little white house on the

Copyright 1918, David Cory.

face wore an annoyed look and spoke fretfully. spoke fretfully.

"So you have commenced without me, have you? It's just as well, for I was kept late, having another set-to with Talak. There was pened of everybody getting a cold supper on that account."

"I hope your supper's not cold. Pa," his wife ventured conciliatingly.

The farmer made an effort speak more pleasantly, glancing at Elizabeth as if to learn what her

mood was. "That's all right, Martha. I gues the supper's good enough anywar. I suppose, Lizzie, you'll be glad is know that I've given Talak notice that he can go when his months

The girl replied indifferently. At doesn't affect me one way or the other—except that he has frightened me when he was drunk. But I am on my guard now, and I do not walk on the roads about here

you, you can go alone to your neart's content soon," Amos to-marked. "Talak's month's up a week from today, but he swears he's going away tomorrow; make him understand if he that he'll not get a cent of

vages."
Butler looked up, surprised. Butler looked up, surprised. "But you can't avoid paying him up to the time be leaves, Mr. Chapin." "Legally, perhaps I can't." the farmer admitted with a sly gr's. "But the poor fool doesn't know that. There ought to be some law to protect employers. If a min leaves before his month's up to ought to lose money by it." "Suppose we turn it the other way around," Butler argued. "If a man discharges an employe, should the employe demand his wages to the end of his month?"

the end of his month?"

"Of course not." Amos growled.
"You knew as well as I do that we can't trust such matters in the hands of ignorant hirelings. They d impose upon us if we did."

A Peor Rule.

"It's a poor rule that doesn't week, both ways." Butler observed. "Was applies in one case, certainly should apply in the other—to my way of thinking."

The farmer frowned."

thinking."

The farmer frowned "Neil tril yourself were in favor of my discharging Talak a while back." He accused. "Yet now you are standing up for him."
"Not only was I in favor of your discharging Talak." Butler admitted, "but I disapproved entirely his ever being on the farm in the first place. Still, now that he has worked here, and is going away. I do not hesitate to say that he should be paid up to the time of his leaving."
"Oh, well," Amos pretended that he bad not been in carnest in

"Oh, well," Almos pretended that he had not been in carnest in threatening to withhold the Pole's wages, "of course I'll," pay him what's coming to him, I'll do the right thing by him, since I've yet up with him so long. The only reason I kept him was that I could not more work out of him for less get more work out of him for less money than I could out of any oth

ler remarked dryly.

The conversation changed to more agreeable topics and Butler forgot it until later in the evening, when, hearing loud voices down at the barn, he strolled in that direction. "Go tomorrow, then, if you want

to!" Chapin was saying angrily, 4s Butler drew near. "But you'll net get a cent from me if you do—understand!" From the Pole's voice Butler fancied he had been drinking. Well, if I don't get my money I'll

get you!" he shouted, walking to-ward the barnyard gate To which threat the farmer re-To which threat the farmer re-

oath.

Butler returned to the house without making his presence known to either of the actors in the little drama. Much as he disapproved of Chapin's policy, he was aware that in his own heart he was glad the Pole was leaving.

To Be Continued.

Deserved His Leave. Able Seaman Murphy was the faventor of the most ingenious etcuses in order to obtain leave. "What on earth do you require leave for this time, Murphy?" ask-

ed the captain, as our hero made his oft-repeated request, "It isn't your great-aunt's wedding today, is it?" "Faith, no, serr," replied Pat, with a grin, "It's no so bad as that. It's—bedad, Oi hardly loke to tell

yez, sorr."
"Oh, come now. Murphy." said
the captain, grimly. "Til try to
stand the shock." "Well, sorr, it's like this intoire-ty. Oi had the misfortune to have a brother born blind, sorr. Heaven

be praised, he's got his soight an wants to see me, sorr."
"Leave granted!" snapped the captain, as he burst into uncontrollable laughter.

Silk and Pearl Music

The mollusc pines, poetically known as the "silkworm of the sea," not only spins a very beautiful silk, which is utilized to some extent commercially, but produces a surprising abundance of jet-black pearls. A scientist, making a stu of of this, collected large numbers of specimens, and obtained an aver-age of one pearl from every five of the molluscs. As many as ten were found in a single shell. The pear's of the pinna are usually spherical and highly polished, and are already used to a considerable extent in countries bordering on the Mediter-anean for the adocument be brooches and other articles of